THE

PARLOUR COMPANION.

The' thus confin'd, my agile thoughts may fly
Through all the regions of variety. OTWAY.

NO. 20.] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1817. [VOL. I.

MY COUSIN KATE.

(Continued.)

MY father attacked me next; and I answered him pretty nearly in the same manner as I did my mother. At length, finding I was resolute, he thus addressed me: "Well, sir; it is true, I cannot force you to marry her, neither would I do such an injury to an amiable girl as to devote her to a man insensible of her worth; but, for her peace of mind, it is unfortunately necessary that you should not remain under the same roof; and as her father bequeathed her to my guardianship, under the express condition that she should reside with me till she made an eligible choice, you must, of necessity, remove; and to convince you that I do not act from caprice in this instance, I will lay no restrictions whatever upon you; choose your own residence; your allowance shall be sufficient to support you as a gentleman; and when you meet with a lady who answers your high-raised expectations of perfection, I have no objection to receive her as a daughter; all I require of you is mature deliberation, and the full exercise of your unprejudiced judgment." To this liberal proposal, I gave a respectful acquiescence; and when next I met my Cousin Kate, it was with the most perfect unconcern on my side; on hers a renewal of our former cordiality. I was, indeed, quite satisfied with the propriety of her conduct on this occasion, as she neither displayed resentment at my rejection of her proffered hand, nor impertinent levity at the prospect of my departure. As soon as every thing was properly arranged, I took leave of my parents, a to London, accompanied gentleman, the son of a whom I had been in h from childhood; his particular advantage to nexions in town were highest respectability; introduction I was sure into the first company.

Behold me now in Lo solutely resolved to select the circles I might frequent, b mined to be an attentive obse the fair sex, and to act honourab the lady who might obtain my pre ence. With a good stock of easy assurance, a tolerable person, and mov ing in a fashionable sphere, it may b supposed, I was not thrown much int the back ground. The first lady wh attracted my notice was the beautiful daughter of a city merchant; I had heard the charms of Miss Elvington extolled before I had the happiness of being introduced to her; and the first interview convinced me that the report was not exaggerated. I must confess that I was instantly struck, and paid her such pointed attention, that my views could not be mistaken. I was in consequence admitted to a more intimate footing in the family; and became the lady's constant escort to all public

places; but I soon found that an excessive love of admiration superseded every other sentiment in the breast of the fair Letitia; to see herself the magnet of attraction was her sole aim; and her graces, like those of an actress, were all put on for public exhibition; —at home, she was languid, peevish, and slovenly. The most trivial disappointment of an expected pleasure would throw her into a fit of the sullens; and her irritability occasioned her sometimes to be downright abusive. Mentioning this to my friend, Harcourt, I could not help observing, that "even my Cousin Kate was not so ill tempered." "Neither is she so handsome," was his significant reply. In spite of
however, I determined not
matter any further; and
ade my bow as soon as

threw me next in the
ost agreeable girl, the
dy of rank; her man-
rsation enchanted me;
er personal attractions
spicuous, she was too
ong overlooked; upon a
e acquaintance, I found,
hat she possessed a cold, un-
disposition; her parents, who
in indigent circumstances, she
ed with scorn and ridicule; and
eing exalted by the whim of a woman
of fashion to a sphere her birth did not
itle her to move in, her little head
rew giddy with pride and self-import-
ce: she acquired under her patroness
a few superficial accomplishments, could
converse with flippancy on every-day
topics, but, of any more important sub-
ject, she was wholly ignorant; her con-
versation to-day was a mere repetition
of what she said yesterday; and any
thing beyond the merits of a new ac-
tress, or a new novel, she was totally
incapable of discussing. "Upon my
word, Harcourt," said I, after the
fourth interview, "this girl is even
more uninformed than my Cousin
Kate." He laughed heartily at my remark; and assured me, if I was so fastidious, I should certainly remain a batchelor. "With all my heart," said I, "if women prove to be such mere automatons: but I am not yet discouraged." "Well then," said he, "I will introduce you to a young lady who, though possessed of considerable property, is considered a pattern of prudence, economy, and domestic virtues." "By whom, pray?" "By her parents and neighbours." "Oh! that must be sufficient."

(To be continued.)

THE NOSE, EYE AND MOUTH.

These are the three features which so embellish and enoble the human countenance. The nose marks man from brutes, and is supposed to be a general index of the character of men. But the nose is not much, after all. Its use consists mostly in its being the centry box, where the sense of smell holds its watch over taste, to give alarm of the approach of offence. The organ of smell is the medium of but little pleasant sensation to the brain; and there is but little sentiment to be extracted from odour, however fragrant. It is, poor thing! destined to suffer much annoyance, as it cannot close itself against the entrance of that which it abhors.

The eye is the inlet of all that is beautiful in nature. It is the loop-hole of our earthly castle, out of which the soul delights to look on the broad domains which surround it. In physiognomy, the eye is unquestionably one of the strongest principles. It expresses all the strong and powerful evolutions of the soul; but it is no index to the minuter operations. As a feature, it is filled with honour and love. How sublime is man with the eye of Mars, in the front of Jove; how lovely is woman, with a blue eye, melting under a falling eye-lash. How sorrowful is she, when the lustre of this blue eye is dimmed with tear drops; and how holy are these tears, when seen through

those which pity has started in our own!

But how shall I speak of the mouth? How trace the eternally variable line of the lips? How shall I follow the thousand evanescent motions, that play about it? How bewitching is it, at the starting of a smile; how lovely, as it gathers to close upon it. How pure is it, just opening with sorrow; how tremulous under the touches of pity! In joy, how expressive; in love, how melting. How does it exceed all that nature has done! How supreme is it over art! How much more brilliant is it than coral inlaid with pearls.

How irresistible would be the attractions of that female to whom we could apply the character, which Dr. Hawkesworth, in his life of Swift, has drawn of Stella. "Beauty, which alone has been the object of universal admiration and desire; which alone has elevated the professor from the lowest to the highest situation, has given dominion to folly, and armed caprice with the power of life and death, was in Stella only the ornament of intellectual greatness; and wit, which has rendered deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon vice, was in her only the decoration of such virtue, as without either wit or beauty would have compelled affection, esteem and reverence."

Our bane and physic the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.

We may consider human life as a garden, in which *roses* and *nettles* are promiscuously scattered, and in which we as often feel the sting of the wounding *nettle*, as we enjoy the fragrance of the blooming *rose*. Those bowers of delight, entwined with woodbine and jesamine, under whose friendly umbrage we seek shelter from the noonday sun, sometimes are the abode of the most venomous animals, which wound us in those unguarded scenes of delight. As the year has its seasons, and winter and summer are continually in pursuit of each other, so changeable likewise is the condition of mortals; and as the elements are frequently disturbed by storms, hurricanes, and tempests, so is the mind of man frequently ruffled and discomposed, till the sunshine of reason and philosophy bursts forth, and dispels the gloom.

The hapless Florio pined away for months on the delightful banks of the Schuylkill: he complained of the cruelty of the lovely Annabella, and told his fond tale to the waters of that impetuous stream, which hurried along regardless of his plaints: He gathered the lilies of the field; but to him, the lilies were not so fair as his Annabella, nor the fragrance of the blushing rose so sweet as her breath; the lambs were not so innocent, nor the sound of the tabor on the green half so melodious as her voice. Time, however, has joined Florio and Annabella in the fetters of wedlock, and the plaints of the swain are now changed. The delusion of the enchantment is now vanished, and what he but lately considered as the only object worthy of his sublunary pursuit, he now contemplates with coolness, indifference and disgust; he has metamorphosed the *rose* into a *nettle*.

Erestus, contrary to his inclinations, was compelled by his parents to marry the amiable Clara, whose sense, tenderness and virtues, soon fixed the heart of Erestus; and what at first gave him pain and disgust, by degrees became familiar, pleasing, and delightful: the *nettle* was here changed to the *rose*.

The blooming *rose* is an utter stranger to wilds of ambition, where gloomy clouds p tually obscure the beams of the joyful sun, the gentle zephyrs never waft through groves, but discordant blasts are perp howling, and where the climate produc thorns and *nettles*.

The rose reaches its highest perfection garden of industry, where the soil is neit luxuriant, nor too much impoverished. rance fans it with the gentlest zephyr health and contentment sport around it. the *nettle* no sooner makes its appearance, the watchful eye of prudence espies it, and thou it may not be possible totally to eradicate it, it is never suffered to reach to any height of perfection. Since, then, human life is but a garden, in which weeds and flowers promiscuously shoot up and thrive, let us do what we can to encourage the culture of the *rose*, and guard the spreading *nettle*. However barren the soil that falls to our lot, yet assiduous culture will contrib make the garden, at least ful.

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POETRY.

TO IANTHE.

BELOV'D, each anxious fear repel,
  Think not that aught our hearts can sever:
Heaven knows I love thee passing well;
  And knows I less can love thee never.
My soul a transient flame shall scorn:
  To thee I've sworn no short liv'd duty,
Like theirs whose passion beauty-born,
  Still sickens and expires with beauty.
Sorrow and pain those locks may rend,
  That round thy brows so graceful cluster;
Dark hues may with thy lilies blend;
  And dim thine eye's expressive lustre.
Alas! 'tis true that I may see
  Thier rugged hands thy graces ruin,
And, sad indeed, my soul will be,
  With sighs thir fatal progress viewing!
But thou no altered love shall find,
  Though every outward charm be flying:
More bright will shine thy angel mind,
  The powers of pain and grief defying.

INVOCATION TO MAY.

Written on the Wedding Day of a young Couple.

April go, capricious thing!
ith vernal hue, but wintry frown,
should we call her child of Spring?
y deck her locks with simple crown?
e's inconstant as the wind;
chilling 'midst her am'rous play:
ph more constant I would find,
l therefore call on lovely May.
all thy flowers, and bid them wear
Queen of Sweets! their brightest dyes;
the full blossoms of the year,
d let us view no fickle skies.
tell the minstrels of the grove,
Their sweetest descants to prolong;
Dear to this day is wedded love,
  And I must have their choicest song.
For lovers true, Oh! gen'rous May,
  Thou hear'st me claim these honours due;
sacred hold this genial day,
I will consecrate it too.
d'st e'en thou, O May! be found,
alas! art sometimes seen)
oms on the ground,
and frolic mein;
favour'd day,
bliss;

Hail once again, thou darling pow'r,
  To thee I vow'd my boon to bring,
Whene'er thou'dst deign a smiling hour,
  My lyre to string.
Dear welcome source of sportive play,
  Of blooming beauty, love and joy,
Thy worth transcending ev'ry lay,
  Shall mine employ.
But while with voice thy favour gave,
  I strain thy peerless worth to sing,
Still o'er my little cottage wave
  Thy downy wing.
'Till charm'd the nine in triumph come,
  To prompt, for thee, my tuneful lays;
While loud the timbrel, harp, and drum
  Resound thy praise.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

Dying of a Consumption.

View yon pale flower, surcharg'd with dew,
  That bends its lonely head to earth,
And seems, in Fancy's eye, to woo
  The sod beneath, that gave it birth.
Its stem, which now can scarce sustain
  The drops that on its blossoms weigh,
Shall soon its wonted strength regain,
  Beneath the Sun's reviving ray.
But thou, lost maid, whose fading frame,
  So slowly verges to the tomb,
And seems, in silent woe, to claim
  A refuge in its darksome womb;
What sun shall rise thy griefs to cheer,
  Or o'er thy cloud of sorrow break?
What kindly warmth shall dry the tear
  That falls adown thy pallid cheek?
What though thy words will not unfold
  The cause, that prompts thy frequent sigh,
Too well, alas! those looks have told
  That treacherous Love has bid thee die.
Oh! yes, that power that gave thee breath,
  Shall view thy woes with pitying eye;
Shall bid each sorrow cease in death,
  And call thee to thy kindred sky!

FRIENDSHIP.

Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
  Is but a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
  Full of deceit and trouble.
Fame, like a shadow, flees away,
  Titles and dignities decay;
Nothing but Friendship can display
  Joys that are free from trouble.

W. T. S. R.

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Any communication addressed to the Editor, and left at No. 23, Carter's Alley, or No. 88, Chesnut Street, will meet with immediate attention